Glo. Tush, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary.
La. I would know thy heart.
Glo, Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.
Were both of them for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore supplyant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse forcuer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where, after I haue solemnely enterred
At Chertsie Monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boone.
La. with all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and *Bartly*, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell alreadie *Exit.* *Glo.*

Glo. Sirs, take vp the co
Ser. Towards Chertsie
Glo. No to white Fryers
Was euer woman in this hum
Was euer woman in this hum
Ile haue her, but I will not k
What I haue kild her husba
To take her in her hearts ex
With curses in her mouth te
The bleeding witnesse of he
Hauing God, her conscienc
And I nothing to backe my
But the plaine Diuel and di
And yet to win her all the w
Hath shee forgot already th
Edward, her Lord, Whom
Stabd in my angry mood at
A sweeter and louelier gentl
Framd in the prodigality of
Yong, valiant, wise, and no d
The spacious world cannot a
And will she yet debace her
That cropt the golden prime
And made her widdow to a
On me, whose all not equal
On me that halt, and am vn
My Dukedome to be a begg
I doe mistake my person all
Vpon my life shee finds altho
My selfe, to be a marualous
Ile be at charges for a Looki
And entertaine some score o
To studie fashi ns to adorne
Since I am crept in fauour wi
I will maintaine it with a litt
But first ile turne yon fellow
And then returne lamenting
Shine out faire sunne, till I ha
That I may see my shadow as

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